

Long Form 05/09/16

Suggested Plan for funeral: Burial at Veterans cemetery in Santa Fe. Called and qualify per service in USPHS '57 - '58 (see papers in Turnover file)

Recommend short service at cemetery. Also a reception afterwards.

Obituaries, two, one for newspapers (short) and one to be read at reception (long).

Obituary - long form:

I was born in Park Avenue Hospital, Rochester, New York, in the early morning hours on 12/21/29, a depression baby, to Agnes (Rylander) and David Blide, two second generation Swedes. We lived in a duplex, we living on the first floor and Dad's brother and family living on the second. My brother, David, had been born 4 years earlier, and two sisters, Jean and Carol, came later. My Dad worked at Eastman Kodak and my Mom was a housewife and mother. We lived in a nice neighborhood.

My earliest memory is at 3 or 4, sitting on the steps next door with Sally Bell who was my age. Perhaps I remember her because her mother invited me to Sunday dinner with her and Sally and she served us a portion of a cut head of lettuce. She came around and sprinkled sugar on the lettuce. I have no other recollections of Sally.

I have many memories of attending Samuel A. Lattimore Elementary school (No. 11) which was almost a mile away and of course we had to walk until we had bikes. I was number two in my class while my brother had been number one in his class. One outstanding memory was, when playing softball during lunch hour, I was catching and a ball was hit away from the plate and I went to retrieve it. On returning to catch, another kid was behind the plate as catcher. I said that I was the catcher but he insisted that he was catching now. That started a row and he hit me hard on the forehead and knocked me down. I arose and grabbed him and squeezed as hard as I could. Fortunately, the school bell then

rang, ending our lunch hour. I let go and he walked away. For some reason my class mates thought I had won the battle and hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me back to the school. I was embarrassed by the whole affair. It was my first and last fight.

I have to mention that we had a large skating ring next to school. I loved to skate and spent many hours skating with friends.

When I was about 8 we moved to McKinster street which was notable for two reasons, we had a ball field across the street where we spent many hours playing softball. The other reason was I met Billy Welsh, in the house behind us. We became fast friends for the rest of our lives. He (we) built a model railroad where we spent many hours. I recall that during WWII we would fly over the model town and using an eye dropper holding glycerin and a model plane we would drop the glycerin on a small pile of potassium permanganate which caused a flash with a puff of smoke, simulating dropping a bomb. I also fondly remember climbing trees and picking pears, plums, apples, etc. to the consternation of the neighbors who came out and scolded us.

I didn't have a girlfriend until I was a senior. One day I walked down to a lot where my friends were playing softball. There was a new girl who had just moved into the neighborhood. I got on the same team as her. While waiting to bat, she suggested that we sit on the ground, back to back. Who was I to refuse. We had a nice courtship for a year. On graduation from high school she wanted to become a secretary, get married and have children. I had other ideas, college and medical school. So, we drifted apart. It was hard to be so mature so early in life.

I went to East High School via bus I always liked school, got good marks and on looking back, high school, college and medical school were all very similar in that the degree of difficulty was the same at all levels and actually none were hard. Math and science were my favorites. Here I met another lifelong friend, Dave Spinell, who was the best cross country runner and miler in the District. I ran both the mile and cross country, too, but I was in the middle of the pack.

I attended The University of Rochester (U of R), as a premed student followed by medical school at Albany Medical College. I only applied to Albany and the U of R. The latter felt I should go out of town, they thought I was too homegrown. If I didn't get in Albany, they would take me.

The highlight of my med school years was meeting my first wife, Leslie. We met and ate at the same boarding house. She had just graduated from Mt Holyoke and was working at the hospital as a lab technician. We married in my last year in medical school. After graduation, I took a rotating internship at the Genesee Hospital in Rochester. During this year, Leslie became pregnant.

I had to do my service time which was 2 years in the US Public Health Service in Baltimore. I helped set up the Social Security Disability Evaluation Program.

During the year Leslie gave birth to "little" Leslie.

On leaving the service. I took a residency in Internal Medicine at the University of Maryland Medical Center, and this was followed by a fellowship in Pulmonary Diseases. Thereafter I joined the faculty In Pulmonary Diseases where I remained for 7 years.

My heart was not in academic medicine so I then took a position at the Will Roger's Hospital in Saranac Lake, NY. I became Medical Director, and remained there for 6 years practicing pulmonary medicine.

Being in the Adirondack Mountains, I took advantage of the great hiking available. I climbed about 30 of the 49 peaks that were over 3000 feet high. I also enjoyed the skiing at Whiteface Mountain, both downhill and cross country. In 1973, while skiing with my nephew, I fractured my right tibia badly and was in a cast for 5 months. During this period, I suffered a pulmonary embolism. Being a pulmonary physician, I made the diagnosis and treated myself, satisfactorily.

The hospital was going to close. It was run by NAFTA (National Association for Theatre Arts). Care was free for anyone working in the arts. Patients flew in from across the country, but with most having medical insurance by this time, the patient population was dwindling.

I then took a position at the Cooper Clinic in Dallas and practiced Preventive Medicine for the next 6 years. This was also the time that Leslie and I separated and eventually got a divorce.

This was the time I took up serious long distance running. All my new friends were runners. One afternoon I had come back from a run, after seeing my patients, and as I walked past the pool, I saw this beautiful woman climbing out of the pool in a light green and black polka dot bikini. I went into the clinic and asked my secretary who was this woman. She looked out the window and said, "That's Patti Price. Would you like to meet her?" I said, "Sure," and so that's how I met my future wife. We married about a year later.

At this time my daughter, Leslie, graduated from college and she came to live with us. She was a fashion designer. Patti had a son Alexander. I had bought out Patti's ex, so we had a beautiful home to all live in.

Running became a major activity for myself and Patti. She had won the Dallas Marathon several years before. Together we eventually ran 20 marathons.

I should mention that 6 months before we married, Patti accompanied me on a trip to climbing Mt Rainier where I was the speaker at Rainier Mountaineering. While practicing Crevasse rescue, my partner lost control of the rope and I had a free fall of fifty feet. I had two ropes on so I didn't hit bottom but my right foot hit an ice ledge during the fall. I immediately knew I had fractured my leg. After a spine-tingling trip down the mountain in a snow storm, I had surgery at the Washington Medical Center that night. I had a high tibial fracture that went into the knee joint. I had several subsequent surgeries culminating in a high

tibial osteotomy a year later. I still had a lot of pain and so for the next 8 years I took 16 aspirin and a Dalmane sleeping pill each day. I finally got off the meds in 1984. I returned to running and in 1982 I ran another marathon. One thing, among others, that bothered me from this accident was that I had been running very well for a 46-year-old. Shortly before the accident I had run a 10 miler in 63 minutes, a 6:18 pace. After the accident the best I could do was a 7 minute pace.

While at the Cooper Clinic, I practiced Preventive Medicine which after a while got boring. While at the University of Maryland in the 60s, I learned how to write software (computer) programs. I now used this talent to write nutritional program which I then sold to Ken Cooper for \$10,000 and he used it in our practice at the clinic making many times over what he had paid for it.

At this time, I left medicine and went into business with 5 business persons as equal partners. They brought in a business program of which we never sold a copy. In addition to my nutritional programs, I wrote several programs to be used by fitness centers to keep track of their clients exercise efforts and also their attendance. This was the mainstay of our business. We did very well for the first year. But then a number of problems arose which culminated in our closing the business 4 years later. Fortunately, I didn't lose any money.

I then returned to medical practice. This time I had an opportunity to open a rehabilitation clinic for sport and work injuries called Back-in-Action. I did this for 4 years and then I had an opportunity to join a group in Lubbock, TX as a partner doing the same type of work, The Center for Evaluation and Functional (CFER). Two years later the government was going to pass a law to prevent doctors from profiting from referring patients to their own rehab center. So, we sold the business. I had fortunately just met an individual who was part of a firm in the same business and they were looking to expand. I drew up the business plan. We were very surprised by their offer of 5.4 million which we readily accepted.

Patti had been very reluctant to leave Dallas, particularly since she had just been honored by being made Teacher of the Year in Richardson where she had been teaching. However, it turned out to be a boon. In Lubbock she became an assistant principal for Instruction at Estacado High School until she retired in 1995.

After selling the clinic, I opened a part-time practice evaluating Workman Compensation patients. This was my way of easing into retirement which occurred in 1999.

We had a vacation home in Pagosa Springs, CO since 1994. In 2000 we moved there full-time. Here we enjoyed hiking in the summertime and both downhill and cross country skiing in the wintertime.

The most notable achievement for me here was teaming up with new friend, Dr. Jim Knoll, to improve the health care in the area which Jim described as 1960s medicine. Once we were able to unseat the old board members and replace them with knowledgeable personnel, including ourselves, we were able to pay off a huge debt and within a year plan to build a hospital, a first for the area. The hospital was built and is now a very successful medical center.

In 2004 I was diagnosed with a mitral valve problem for which I had a surgical repair. However, I also developed a cardiomyopathy which became a progressive disorder. In 2005 we moved to Kalama, WA for the lower altitude so I could breathe better. We had a large, beautiful home overlooking the Columbia River. When this became too difficult to manage, we moved to Ashland OR in 2010 to a retirement village, Mountain Meadows. This is a beautiful, small town. We loved walking in Lithia park and watching the Wood Ducks frolic in Ashland Creek.

In 2014 we moved to Albuquerque, NM to be closer to family, Mike & Bonnie and our daughter, Leslie in Sedona.

What can one say after living a full life? I will sorely miss my soul-mate, best friend and beautiful wife, Patti, who gave me her love

and the best years of my life. I loved her so much and more so. with each passing year.

My daughter, Leslie, whom I love so much has been a blessing. I so appreciated her hard work and perseverance.

Finally, I have lived in many places and made many friends; many of which became good friends. That has been a blessing. My family has always been dear to me. And lastly but importantly, my in-laws who gave us their love and help, especially in these last years, meant so much to me (us). Mike and Bonnie, thank you from the bottom of my heart. You were both wonderful and I loved you both.